

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 3.

THE BROOKLET'S SOLILOQUY.

The pleasant green,—it fades on either side,
Benumbed by Winter's poisonous breath, they fall
Upon my limpid heart, those flowers all.

How could such tender forms the chill abide,
When e'en my blood congealed, my ripples died?

I'll shelter them from winter's cruel thrall,
And, resting in them, a transparent pall,
Secure their peace, and Winter's wrath deride.

And once, when he shall smite with furious cold
My liquid self, so dense a canopy
I'll weave, that still in peace my flow'ry fold
Shall rest, and underneath I shall be free
To address their spirits evermore; till—when
Dear Spring arrives—we'll issue forth again.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.



FAME.

YOUTH, at a certain stage, is replete with aspirations. Contentment is found only in strife. Nature seems transformed, and the youthful mind is borne aloft on the wings of ambition. Then the flatterer's tongue deceives. The admiration of the world allures, and all energy is exerted to attract the attention of men. The young soul longs for fame, which appears in all its dazzling splendor. This desire is nurtured by age, and hence there is in man, at all times, a restless longing to predominate.

In every class, however miserable it may appear, we find men who have their admirers, men who exert a special influence, whose peculiar traits of character and strong personalities have distinguished them and garbed them in the robes of dictators. This power characterizes its possessor, and we call him renowned. Fame proceeds from merit. Application and energy combine to produce it. Ambition, the strongest impulse to human efforts, leads to it, and celebrity is sometimes the outcome of the merest chance. Fame resides in extremes. Mediocrity excites no attention, and consequently shares no part of glory. Extraordinary events, whether good or bad, beget fame, and it even results from licentiousness and crime. The actions of desperadoes are daily applauded. Murderers elicit the sympathy of the crowd, and their deeds are associated to the role of hero. The orator excites the feelings and emotions of his auditors. He transports their imaginations, and exerts all his

powers to gain renown. The anticipation of glory stimulates the warrior on the battle-field. He plunges fearlessly into combat, sees no danger, and gladly sacrifices his life to immortalize his name. The pen, brush, chisel and sword have placed their indelible stamps on the rolls of fame. Proficiency is sought, hardships are suffered, and remarkable sacrifices brought for the sake of renown. In fact, the greed for fame is so intense in some that they seek to monopolize public admiration. All praise must be lavished on them, or jealously rises in its most venomous form.

We must distinguish between popularity and fame. Popularity lives only on the stage of life; fame merely begins with death; popularity is more within reach of all; fame extends to a special few. A popular man always enjoys esteem and favor, while a man of fame may be most odious. Popularity is more dependent upon present action; fame results only from past deeds.

But fame is vain and empty. It is sweet to behold, but burdensome to possess. It first allures and then disgusts. Caesar, at the summit of his glory, found neither joy nor rest. He realized the shallowness of earthly renown, and preferred death to life. Fame is nominal, and they who have deserved it, despised it. It is capricious and comes and goes like the winds. The great Napoleon said, "The crowd that contemplates me with admiration, would with the same feeling see me mount the scaffold." And they who are acquainted with Roman history know the example of an Horatius. Feats of gallantry in defence of his

country covered him with renown. He was the idol of his race, and was carried on the shoulders of the nobles. But one act converted the admiring populace into a furious mob. Glory was sullied, and his life was sought. That fame begets vanity is evident from the remarks and actions of some of its votaries. Cicero desired applause. Napoleon hated allusion to Caesar. Sterne loved to read his own productions before public gatherings. Dickens dictated certain praises to his biographer. Buffon generously named himself among the great modern geniuses, and Wolfe spoke of the mighty achievements for which his sword was destined. The folly of the wild race for glory drew from Chaucer's genius his "House of Fame," and furnished material for Pope's "Temple of Fame." The latter censures the vain-glorious when he says:

"For Fame, impatient of extremes decays
Not more by Envy than excess of Praise."

They who aspire to fame should remember that, as Colton says, "All men find a common level in the grave." In that silent, gloomy spot, we may read the inscription of glory-seekers, as uttered by Pope's Queen of Fame, "Ambitious Fools."

Great and noble minds seek no admiration; they despise flattery and see but mockery in applause. They scorn titles which are like flowers that bloom in the morning, but wither and die before evening. They realize the importance of eminence in a future life, but condemn the glory which the world offers. They are content to struggle for duty's sake, and would, on departing from this world, modestly defraud the annals of history and slight the records of fame.

PAUL A. WELSH, '04.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF
LITERATURE.

Although we are living in an age that is somewhat turning toward the scientific, although our own people are busily employed in commerce and mechanics, nevertheless the benefits accruing from the study of literature are not underrated in these later years. Indeed, literature, and on that account the study of literature, will never cease to exist as long as man inhabits the globe, because literature, as Pallen defines it, "is the written expression of man's various relations to the universe and its Creator." Taking the word universe in its broadest signification, including under that term besides the perfectly material world, all the life that teems upon its surface, this definition includes every relation that can occur to man. Since, furthermore, mankind always wishes to express its sentiments, it will give utterance to these relations and thus create its literature.

From this, too, the educational value of literature is at once apparent. For, if literature depicts the relations that man sustains to the universe and to God, and if these are the only relations into which he can enter, then the study of literature must prepare him for the various conditions and stations of life. But literature frequently draws ideal pictures of life, and we must therefore abstract the idealizations to make it completely useful.

What is education? Some define it as the art of bringing out all that is in man; others maintain

that its business consists not so much in the teaching of any particular branch of study, but rather in imparting to the student the power of developing his faculties unaided by a teacher. In either case, education, to be complete, must extend to body and soul. The power of literature for achieving this double education, the writer wishes to show in the sequel of his essay.

Literature has evidently no immediate influence on the body. It is only through the intermediate operation of the mind that it can benefit the material part of man. Thus by extolling the blessings that come to ourselves as well as to our neighbor through health, through vigor, strength and endurance of limbs, by making these benefits the subject or moral of an essay, story or poem, and by thus persuading the mind, it can indirectly aid in the development of the body; but here its influence ceases. The study of literature, however, calls into action and strengthens the faculties of the mind, for example the will, and especially the intellect and the imagination.

A true student of literature strengthens his will. Every art, although it may appear to be only an entertainment, presents its own peculiar difficulties, and so does literature. A man of letters must possess a perfect sway over the language; he must acquire the habit of reading, of reading solid matter, nourishing his mind and not subjecting it to continued illusions of fiction; he must read and re-read literary works, meditate on their contents, superadding his own personal thoughts to those already received from books; and above all,

he must read with the purpose of criticising. Literature contains works that are indeed difficult studies, for example, "Paradise Lost"; others lose all their novelty of plot in one reading, yet they must be repeated; and, at all events, a man that accompanies his reading by criticism, sacrifices many intellectual enjoyments offered by the volume before him. However, the only road to complete success in literature passes directly through these difficulties, and in facing and overcoming them lies the exercise of the will.

The study of literature, moreover, quickens the preception and sharpens the discrimination of the intellect. To attain eminence in criticism requires a thorough acquaintance with the science of aesthetics. Criticism is in fact the art of this science. It determines the merit and demerit of a literary composition, thus imposing upon the reader constant watchfulness, continual thinking, accustoming his mind to weigh all occurrences of life in the scale of common sense; it makes him self-dependent, for criticism is an arbitrary judgment, and self-dependence, teaching people "to stand on their own feet," is certainly one of the great objects of education.

Literature likewise cultivates the imagination. What is poetry but the work of the imagination? And what works make up the greater part of literature but those of poets? Neither history nor fiction, nor criticism, nor oratory, nor any division of literature, has obtained so many successful votaries as poetry. And since the essential idea of poetry is beauty, its reading and studying must

cultivate a noble imagination, an imagination that carries us aloft on its golden wing, exalting us above all that is low and mean and dangerous to true education.

Let us now consider the nobility of literature, for contact with things that are noble can not fail to make us noble. Cardinal Newman defines literature as "the personal use of exercise of language." Language is one of the greatest gifts bequeathed to man by his Creator. It is the principal means by which one soul pictures itself to another. Since, therefore, literature is the personal use of language, and since the style of one man is as distinct from the style of another man as are his thoughts and character, the works of an author must be an index of his soul, and hence literature is pre-eminently a study of souls.

Science studies the matter that constitutes the universe, and into how many branches is not science divided? Chemistry dissolves bodies and analyzes their compounds; physics explains the relations subsisting between these bodies; botany interprets that chapter of nature's book which treats about the structure and life of plants; zoology does the same with regard to animals; whilst geology, judging the cause from the effect, traces back the changes and succession of matter and life through the various eras of the past, thus placing the crown upon all the studies relating to the earth and its material life. Finally comes that sublime study of astronomy, leading us forth into the azure realms above, revealing that our own glorious sun exceeds this little earth by more than

a hundred times in size, that it probably consists of similar matter like our planet, that there are many thousands, nay, millions of such suns, floating about us in infinite space, and that there are perhaps many more millions of earths circling around these suns.

Now, if it is ennobling to study anyone of these sciences, each one of which is sufficient to overwhelm us with its mysteries; if men, and learned men too, have considered their lives well-spent by achieving success in only one branch of science; and if all science have for its object only matter, matter that is far inferior in value and grandeur and dignity to one human soul, then certainly it must be grand, then certainly it must be educating and elevating to study literature, because it is the study of souls.

However, it may be objected: there are other branches of study that are less dangerous and picture human souls with equal perfection; indeed, how can you reconcile the idea of education and bad literature?

There certainly are other studies whose immediate object is the soul of man. But in this essay we first of all exclude seminary studies, because they are of a higher and of quite a different nature than literature, and can in fact not be treated by a college-student; and secondly, we exclude religion, because there is evidently no true education without religion. Literature can only be considered as a secondary factor in education.

Yet it may appear to some that even in the collegiate curriculum, especially history is as

perfect a character study as is literature. To some extent history even includes literature, it includes the history of literature; but to some extent literature likewise includes history, it includes the works of history. Generally, however, these branches are considered distinct from each other, and this distinction we wish to observe here.

History is inferior to literature as a character-study. A man's character shows its truest colors in private life only, and history, especially works of history that are confined to few volumes, record nothing but extraordinary events. Even extensive historical works can mention comparatively few incidents of ordinary life. Forsooth, what constitutes the bulk of history but a succession of wars and battles? And what is war but the contorted effervescent state of a nation? As little as we are justified to determine a man's full character from his actions when in a fit of anger, so little may we determine a nation's character from its doings in war. But literature is the work of peace, the work of private life. The author is at leisure to spy the inmost recesses of his soul, to reveal them as perfectly as he is able. He infuses his own character into his works, though this may happen unconsciously, and hence the aggregate of literary work is the best criterion of a nation's character.

Although, furthermore, there is a bad element in literature, its study is nevertheless compatible with education. If two glasses are placed before us, the one containing medicine, the other poison, does this imply that we may not drink the medicine,

because the other one is filled with poison? No. We certainly must know which one contains medicine and which one poison,—and so we must know in what bad literature consists, in order to avoid its evil effects. This is taught by religion, and hence literature, to have truly an educational value, must be studied under the guidance of religion. To give this knowledge acquired by religion practical utility we must read critically, scrutinizing the matter placed before us, for otherwise we may take poison into our system unconsciously.

And indeed we can learn a lesson from bad literature. The bad writings of an author bear still the impress of a soul; of a soul which is even now superior to matter; of a soul which may be compared to a sun that was once bright and blazing in the sky a sun, however, now dark and gloomy; a sun that is going astray amongst the constellations of genius, marking its path with the debris of destroyed worlds; a sun, in fine, that even when in ruins, is not fully divested of its greatness. Let us contemplate their shattered forms as they are coursing on their path of terror and emerging from the atmosphere of time.

The writings of Byron and Shelley reveal that their authors were unhappy men. According to Franklin, another atheist, Hume, died in the blackness of despair. From this we conclude, that their doctrines were false, that life without religion, without God, is a most deplorable state, a curse, and indeed a hell on earth. On the other hand, the history of literature informs us that

Pope expressed his regret at having written certain works, that, however, at the hour of death, when the priest entered his chamber with the Holy Viaticum, he threw himself from his bed in a fervent spirit of reverence and compunction. From this we infer again, that his writings, too, contain dangerous passages, but that faith in a man always leaves hope for his returning to the true path that leads to salvation.

Literature may be compared to a wood that is ringing with sweet melodies, where ruddy berries are pending from the branches in rich profusion, most of which are strengthening and wholesome food, but where also the siren melodies of several birds entice to the eating of poisonous grapes,—melodies that may nevertheless be clearly distinguished from true song by him who wishes to discriminate.

A. A. Schuette, '03.

LINES.

Fame and wealth are empty baubles,
Fleeting as the shadows fast:
Pleasures they may bring to many,
Pleasures that ere long are past.

Blessed are the poor in spirit,
Blessed are the meek of heart;
For to them a wealth is given,
Wealth from which they ne'er depart.

W. F., '04.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

LIFE is a journey; to travel it in the noblest manner is our aim, and education the means. In the excitement of our race for pre-eminence, we seldom stop to investigate the cause of the numberless ship-wrecks we daily behold. It is the lack of physical education. There is perhaps no subject of so great importance comparatively more neglected. While general education comprises all that disciplines and enlightens the understanding, cultivates the taste, corrects the temper, and forms the habits of man, physical education is confined to that which effects the material element of that most mysterious compound—man.

In very ancient times sickness was supposed to come from the wrath of the gods, but gradually philosophers applied themselves to the study of the body, and already in the time of Hippocrates physiology became a science. The Greeks and Romans knew well the value of a vigorous frame, and they carried body-culture to a very high standard.

However, in a more modern age, when fortune and fame became the prize set on the most powerful brain, physical culture has been neglected and almost despised. The influences of ambition taught the youth to despise his body and waste it in the cultivation of his mental faculties. The magnates of education unmercifully urged mental occupation. Delicacy was an element of beauty, while

broad shoulders and rigid muscles were considered signs of rowdyism. But experience has revealed the absurdity of this measure, and public opinion has undergone a thorough revolution. The world is beginning to see that a powerful intellect, when not supported by a solid frame, is too short-lived to be useful. Men now realize that the capability of utilizing what we call talent greatly depends upon the physical condition of its possessor. In spite of the high state which physical science is supposed to have reached, sickness seems to be the rule and normal health the exception. A number of highly educated clergymen, lawyers, and business men furnish us with examples of the mind consuming the body. Our hospitals swarm with men who, though versed in the higher branches of education, are victims of diseases resulting from ignorance of physical laws. To counteract so many evils we behold an anti-vice league, anti-saloon crusade, and, most ridiculous of all, a countless army of physicians continually administering patent drugs.

Why not tackle the cause instead of the effect? People are ignorant of the science of living well. The allurements of vice would not mislead so many of our young men, if they knew the value of the body they are destroying. Inebriates would not tarry so long in the company of Bacchus, if they could realize the terrible effect of their mistake. It is irresponsible ignorance that the American lads become attached to the innocent appearing, though destructive, cigarette. When we live thus, thinking we are cheating nature, we are entailing

penalties which far outweigh the pleasures we find in violating the laws of health.

It is the same neglect of physical education that leads to overwork. The student who aspires to the learned professions, lured on by an intense desire for book-knowledge, "plugs" until he plugs a hole in the graveyard; while the merchant forgetting all except the dollar, which he considers an end rather than a means, acquires it only to purchase his coffin. There are no civil laws which prevent an undeveloped youth from being overtasked and brought to absolute ruin. It would benefit humanity, if our numerous boards of health and boards of education were nailed together to form one strong board of mental and physical culture. They should compel our young people to be acquainted with the ordinary laws of living before burdening their minds with difficult study. We should first "learn to live" and then "live to learn." Educational institutions; to be justly thus called, must insist upon body culture as well as mental culture, and moral culture will result. Misjudging critics often sneer at the ardent zeal for physical education which is becoming apparent in most American institutions, but if they examine history they will find that the foundation of the noblest and greatest careers was laid on a university playground. The Hon. Dr. Dewey in his "True Science of Living" says: "Did it ever occur to you that nature has not been unmindful of the mind while the body is in state of development; that in the school-yard there is more real healthy exercise for mental forces than is ever brought out by

odious text-books?" It is argued that many evils, among which is the neglect of class-work, result from a superabundance of athletic zeal. These evils result however from the very fact that athletics are neglected or ignored by the authorities, and consequently are not limited. Physical training should constitute an important portion of education, but if carried to excess will prove a hindrance to true, thorough education. The Roman satirist's aim of a "healthy mind in a healthy body" can only be obtained by preventing extremes in either direction.

Just lately there was held a convention of physical educators, and if by the united efforts of these men and professors of mental education, a system of development of both mind and body can be effected, they will have done a great work; for "life is only life when blessed with health."

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.

HOPE IN BUDS.

Winter 's robbing
Nature sobbing
Of her beauties great, enticing;
But providing
She is hiding
Life and beauty for new rising.

Fate is breaking
At her waking
All the joys we fondly cherish;
Hope is hidden,
And unbidden
Lives in buds that will not perish.

A VIEW AT THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

IN casting a retrospective glance over the histories of nations we find that in their career they pass through many and great vicissitudes. But nothing in a country undergoes so vast a change as its language and literature.

In England, especially in regard to literature, do we find this to be true. When Elizabeth reigned the English found pleasure and recreation in the drama, in the flowery sonnets and odes, and in the amorous lyrics. After the so-called Reformation the people grew fond of the satire and comedy. With the increasing fame of Pope and Addison the popular taste changed for the didactic verse and essay. Meanwhile DeFoe had entered the literary world and a new era in the history of prose literature opened—the introduction of the novel.

The novel as defined by critics, consists in a narration of fictitious events abounding in well chosen events. In its purest form in prose it is what the epic narrative is in poetry. But the chief beauty and merit of the novel consists in the perfect delineation of character. It arranges and combines around its hero a number of incidents and characters, which in their action on one another develop the plot of the story and bring about a sad or happy close.

DeFoe's first production, *Robinson Crusoe*, met with unbounded success, and, favored by the continued stability of society, the taste for novels

daily increased and was gratified by a copious supply of fiction from the early so-called novelists, Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, and Sterne. In reality, the works of Fielding and Smollet are merely autobiographical sketches, and lack both the unity and plot, which Scott, the real founder of the English novel, has made so essentially necessary in fiction. Stern's *TRISTAM SHANDY* is naught but a collection of essays, teeming with offences against religion and good morals. The hearty morality of *TOM JONES* however is a relief among these novels, and is even far superior to many of our modern novels.

Both Fielding and Smollet depict in vivid colors the excessive eating and drinking, the licentious conversations of the early English high-life, which are in tone decidedly shocking. But what can be more pleasing to the chaste mind than the bright Oriental tale—Johnson's *Rasselas* and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, both of which are of sterling quality. For domestic discription of home life the *Vicar of Wakefield* is unsurpassed.

In the general trend of all the novels of this period, they are about similar, i. e. in adherence to the true idea of the story. Courage, pride, honor and hate were their principal characteristics, while love and woman had but a small share in it. The villian in the old novel generally comes to grief, while the hero exultantly retires and lives happily ever afterwards.

In 1815 appeared the first volume of the celebrated *Waverly* novels by Sir Walter Scott. In the historical novel, Scott is without rival, and his

works are undoubtedly the best specimens of the romance in any language, yet, sad to say, the influence of Scott is waning and the powerful grasp which his novels formerly held on the public is slowly but surely loosing.

As we enter the nineteenth century we cannot but be impressed by the rapid rise and growth of the novel. Already it is looked upon as an important factor in the education of youth, and one of the most popular juvenile authors is Chas. Dickens, who was the first to give children their prestige in fiction. One of the chief faults of Dickens is, that his novels are governed rather by impulse than by principle. After Dickens appeared the writings of the famous female atheist, Marion Evans under the pseudonym of George Eliot. Although a disbeliever in the divine existence, yet some of her works, *Adam Bede* for instance, are imbued with a deep sense of Christianity. She enters into a minute description of her characters, and yet she never becomes tiresome. The simplicity of her plots is striking, yet in a moral point of view, her first works are decidedly the best.

A giant pillar in the novelistic temple of fame is Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. It is in the historical novel that he is at his best, yet even here he is often flat and insipid. But his other novels are sadly deficient in good morals and tend rather toward the exultation of worldly objects over the supernatural or divine.

Having reviewed the English novel, we must now turn our attention to the early American novel. During the days of witchcraft, novel writing or

reading, were ever associated with the evils of dancing and card-playing, yet it is strange to think that the first author of any novel in the colonies was descended from a sect which in principle disclaimed especially the possession of an imagination. This writer was Chas. Brown, the violent and historical author. But our first and best known author we have yet to meet, and him we find in James Fenimore Cooper, our national novelist.

America is the field upon which he roams and the Indian tribes and white settlers his chief characters. He certainly has represented the American mind in his daring and adventuresome tales, and the vast sphere of his stories account for their vast productions—its human interests for its great number of readers and admirers. In American prose-fiction Cooper has never been approached.

Next to Cooper as one of America's most successful novelists stands Nathaniel Hawthorne. His stories are told in a simple attractive way, yet throughout his narratives runs a vein of deep melancholy which was brought about by a severe religious depression of the author. It is an obvious fact that realism is the first requisite of the modern novel, and yet at no time is it more wanting than in our present works of fiction. Far from being original, they are for the most part naught but a servile imitation of the old romances. Totally devoid of religious feeling, they are not only non-Catholic in tone, but decidedly anti-Catholic in principle.

Love and passion constitute the very soul of these novels; such is the literary food of over three-fourths of our people. It is true that there

are many exceptions, for the wheat has been blended with the chaff; but that these authors whose writings tend toward a noble end are able to counteract the influence of the evil, is a fallacious supposition. This age is a reading age and this country a reading one, where good and bad fiction alike are devoured with the same avidity.

Our would be philanthropists are endowing libraries—not with books but with germs destined to destroy the religious and moral principles of our youth.

The end of the novel should be, not to destroy but to strengthen, and thus prove a necessity for the mind. It should afford such reading of which Bacon says that "it maketh a full man."

W. T. FLAHERTY, '94.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.*

Thy heart be like a silver-bell,
Thy fellow-creatures' joys to tell,
And at their grief in mournful toll
Its accents send o'er mead and knoll.
Like a joyful chime thy heart must ring,
Accordant notes to friendship bring.

O watch with care this silver-bell,
Cast but true friendship's joys to tell;
Again to mourn in sad, low moan,
When Friendship exiled, weeps alone.

Be careful! Fate may cause a crack:
Unclear, untrue, mistoned come back
The charmful notes that were to come;
A dirge-like clang to the tomb,
Where like a stranger buried lies
Fair Friendship—Daughter of the skies.

N. N., '03.

GAMES OF THE AMPHITHEATRE.

THE amphitheatre is open. The people press in masses upon the marble benches ranging in tiers over tiers, which it enlivens and animates till the interior of this monster that has been sucking in this stream of life, is tapestried on all sides with human faces and its walls seem to rock and roll to and fro by the surging of the living mass. The games are about to begin; one in honor of Diana, and the other for the veneration of Jupiter. In this manner the Roman knows how to combine with his pleasure an act of religion. In these games of the amphitheatre every variety of combat between animals and human beings is resorted to, till the human mind finds itself exhausted in its efforts to please the people. The interest in these games is heightened in proportion as the human life is in question. Wild, half-famished animals are first pitted against each other, but this is too common amusement or sight. Then a poor slave, a patrician prisoner, or a lovely Roman or a foreign maiden, a disgraced captain or a centurion is placed on an elevated platform to be more conspicuous, or tied to a post to be more helpless; then African and Parthian lions and leopards are let loose upon them and permitted to satiate themselves on these human victims. The Roman emperors were continually devising new means of pleasing and ingratiating themselves with their blood-thirsty subjects. The great Pompey returning from his victories caused three hundred and fifty Numidian lions to fight against as many panth-

ers and leopards. Octavius Augustus had likewise prepared a combat on an annual feast of the Romans in which five-hundred captives, goaded on by despair and desire for liberty, fought against one hundred Persian elephants. Amid the heat of the combat, the dying groans of the poor doomed slaves, amid the tossing up of the sand and the fierce bellowing of the infuriated elephants, corpses on corpses of men and beasts were piled up in masses over the arena, when suddenly a cry of pity went up from the thousands of spectators;—it was for the poor elephants!

But the hour has arrived when man is to be pitted against man. When all the force, skill, energy, dexterity and ingenuity of the human mind will be put into play, and all the atrocities of real war re-enacted in all their barbarity. The lanista, or trainer of the gladiators, brings his scholars with him for the games,—men whom he has forced to obey him if slaves, men whom he has bought if freemen. They have sworn him blind fidelity and have promised to submit to any torture or punishment if they attempt to desert him. Novices in this gladiatorial school are given fallen wounded and gladiators from the arena to despatch at their pleasure, thus acquiring an insatiable thirst for the blood of their companions.

The love of novelty was as great with the ancient Romans as it is at the present time. But how various are the chances to die, and how refined the art of killing! The retiarius with his net and trident pursues his opponent, who is armed with but a short sword and a small oval shield, and having

enveloped him in the meshes of his net, pierces him with his trident. The gladiators are at one time made to fight together with chariots, then with their eyes bandaged, following each other by the sound of their voices; parrying and dealing invisible blows, fiercely lunging and thrusting at each other with such an accompaniment of ludicrous actions, that the spectators shout and clap their hands with brutish glee. The arena is, as it were, a stage. The people watch each look and movement of the gladiator. They applaud a death or an agony as they would a comedian. If the gladiator falls on his left side, or with his shield over his head, he is hissed and hooted, and the reversed thumbs of the dissatisfied spectators pronounce 'his doom' in silence. On the contrary, if he pierces his opponent with a clean, clever blow or thrust, or if it is on the other hand inflicted upon him and he falls with a resounding thud, he is applauded and praised by shouts of approval. Nay, the blood of the spectators is joined to that of the gladiators! They become angry, grow factious and quarrel and fight over their favorites among the brutes in the arena. After the glorious death of each brave gladiator, noble youths and maidens dressed in garments of gold, advance and overturn the sand with rakes, thus obliterating all traces of the warm fuming blood, while a cleverly-designed contrivance in the form of a network of small pipes, perforated with a thousand little holes, sprinkle and refresh the spectators with a spray of delicious perfume. But it is now noon. The people are leaving and hastening to their houses

to eat their midday meal. The majority, however, hold to their seats and clamor for more games, for more blood. Something must be done to keep up the people's interest.

Immense underground caverns closed by heavy iron doors suddenly open and the vast arena becomes in a moment a vast ocean. Crocodiles, alligators, hippopotami and other animals swim and sport about in its waters. Two galleys loaded with armed gladiators chase these animals around for a short time, till encountering each other, they begin fighting with all the animosity of enemies, and so fierce is the struggle that the whole sea around is dyed with their blood. On a sudden the scene is changed. The arena is again a sandy plain on which two phalanxes are seen arrayed for battle. The signal is given. They rush forward, but all their force has been spent in the early part of the day; they fall at the touch of the sword in heaps of slain and wounded. They struggle on till the last man, from sheer want of sufficient strength, drops exhausted to the ground.

The Roman people have had enough. They have been gorged with blood and are now satisfied. They now descend from their benches and rush out in a thick continuous flow through the many avenues by which they entered, now bearing the fitting name of 'Vomitoria', for never did a more polluted stream of the dregs and pests of humanity issue from an unbecoming reservoir through ill-sorted channels, than this Roman mob, drunk with the blood of human beings.

THE PRAYERS THAT WERE HEARD.

IN the little hamlet among the Pyrenees Mountains lived a rich family by the name of Tagt.

Since fortune had so well favored Tagt, a certain hatred was borne against them by the villagers. The joy of this family was their son Charles. Though he was, as youths are often inclined to be, of a lively nature, still he spent many of his free hours in the neighboring chapel. For this practice he was called "a pious fellow" by the lads.

It was Mr. Tagt's earnest wish that his son should always be in good company, and for this reason he chose as a companion for him, Paul H.

This lad, though an orphan, lived with his uncle, a wealthy merchant. Of course, Paul was not a very pious boy like his companion, but rather of an opposite disposition. Paul respected his companion and while with him never spoke a harsh or ungentlemanly word. Mr. Tagt was very anxious about the welfare of his son and never allowed him to venture from the premises after dark, thus keeping him aloof from bad company. Paul, on the contrary, was at liberty to leave his uncle's house whenever it pleased him. Thus it did not take long for him to be lead astray by evil associates. He did of course not tell his companion about his nightly ventures. These evil associates which Paul had joined, numbered about seven youths. Though their number was small, still they did very much harm. Their chief practice consisted in robbing houses in the neighboring village.

Paul was not acquainted with the actions of his associates until one day when they called upon him for help. In the beginning he was inclined not to obey, but when they called him a coward, he was at their service. Not long after he was compelled to participate in robbing a rich man of the village. After the adventure it pleased him very much to repeat it, and thus he soon became an expert. One evening in August, when the Tagt family was sitting on the porch, who should approach them but Paul H. Charles was surprised to see his friend at this time of the evening. Paul had his plans well 'laid' however, and not long after acquainted his companion with the errand in the following words: "Will you take a walk with me this evening?" Charles, who knew that his father would refuse, boldly answered, "I cannot go." Paul hearing this, immediately asked Charles' father. At first Mr. Tagt refused, but when Paul stated that they intended only to take a walk and would return soon, he consented.

After the two were some distance from the house, Paul informed his companion of his intention to take him to some of his friends. There was not much said until they arrived at a lonely cottage on the hill-side. Paul rapped at the door which was immediately opened. To Charles' surprise he saw not one, but many youths gathered around a table. To these Paul introduced his friend. Charles quickly perceived that he had fallen into a trap and that there was no escape. The leader of the robbers, after gazing upon this youth for a long time, asked him if he wished to

join them. To this Charles refused and furthermore defied him. The leader, seeing that he could not gain him in this manner, had recourse to another plan in which Charles had to help in robbing a house. This he also refused, whereupon the leader became enraged and commanded the youth to be whipped and cruelly beaten with clubs into submission. After a few minutes they ceased, thinking he would relent, but as they did so Charles fell to the ground. Some immediately said he was dead, others again thought he had only fainted. But upon examination they found that he was dead. Now, in order that the crime should not be discovered, they threw the body into a pit nearby. Paul, seeing that his friend was dead, became greatly alarmed. It did not take long until his conscience began to rebuke him for this crime, and so much so that he finally left the robbers and retired to the wilderness to do penance.

* * * * *

It was on a cold winter evening in December that a weary traveler asked for a night's lodging at St. Bernard's Abbey. This request was granted, and the poor old man was ushered into the presence of the Abbot, who not only gave him a night's lodging, but also something to eat. The next morning the monks were surprised to find their friend very sick. Father Edward, who being the Father confessor at the Abbey, was called, and soon began to converse with the stranger. The poor man seeing his end approaching, spoke thus to the monk: "Oh! father, my sins are too great to be pardoned." The good monk hearing this,

MISSING
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MARY IMMACULATE!

Why rings all heav'n with joy and ecstasy?
Why shouts her gladdest song the happy earth?
Why thrills the human heart with boundless mirth?
Why glows the sky with light of brilliancy?
The angels praise thee, Queen of Purity,
And homage pays to thee mankind, O Maid,
Who void of sin, in choicest garb arrayed,
Clothed God Himself with our humanity.

Would that we had the angels' hearts and tongues
To praise becomingly thee, our Queen,
Clad all in splendor and celestial sheen!
One single grace to lend we beg of thee:
Infuse into our hearts thy chastity;—
This gives a triple strength to our songs.

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

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ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03, EXCHANGE EDITOR.

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JOSEPH A. BRAUN, '04. PAUL A. WELSH, '04.

IGNATIUS A. WAGNER, '04. FELIX F. DIDIER, '04.

EDITORIALS.

THE STAFF is in receipt of a letter from Rev. John F. Cogan, '96, and Mr. T. F. Kramer, '01, two former editors of THE COLLEGIAN. Both were of a very encouraging and congratulatory character. They expressed their satisfaction at

the work done by the editors so far, and extended their sincere wishes that we may continue as we have began. Coming, as it does, from two esteemed alumni, who have trodden the same path we are now treading, and who are therefore able to judge of our merits or demerits, we can not help being highly elated over their commendation of our efforts.

WE wish to announce that we have inaugurated a story contest for the Christmas number of **THE COLLEGIAN**. All members of the Columbian Literary Society are eligible to enter the contest, excepting the staff members of this journal. As twenty-five students have already handed in their names for the competition, there is every reason to believe that some excellent stories will be presented. The prizes for the three best stories are three, two, and one dollar respectively. It is hardly necessary for us to remind the contestants that they should all put forth their best efforts to write something creditable, for their own advancement as well as the standard of **THE COLLEGIAN** demand that they give us the best of their literary abilities. Even if you do not win one of the prizes, remember that your own self-improvement in writing is of itself a sufficient compensation for you to make strenuous efforts along those lines.

THE Recent Statement of Bishop Spalding that "the young now read too much" is without doubt a very correct observation. We know that the youth of our day read very much, and on a first thought we are apt to think that this augurs well for the future of our people in mental vigor.

But when we are apprised of the material that constitutes the reading of most people, and in what manner they read, we may almost say that the less they read the better it will be for their mental and moral welfare. For it is certain that bad books have and will spoil more of our young people than the combined writings of good authors can ever be hoped to rescue from this vicious practice of reading contaminated books. Even those who read good literature often read too much, for they read hurriedly in order to become acquainted with all the principal authors; but if they would read few books and peruse them slowly and critically they would derive far more benefit. Hence, as in all other things, it behooves us to use care and judgment in our reading, if we wish to secure the best results.

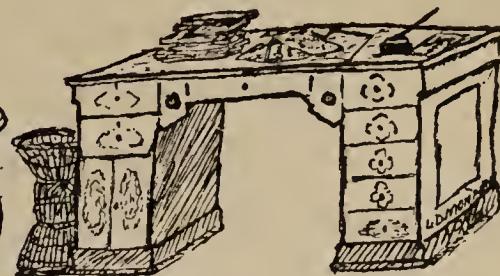
DURING the past month an important change was made at St. Joseph's. Rev. A. Seifert, Rector of St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio, and Rev. B. Boebner, President of the College, exchanged places. This change would have taken place at the beginning of the present scholastic year, but owing to the fact that Father Augustine was sent to Rome to attend the Chapter of the C. PP. S., it was impossible for him to assume the duties of President until the early part of November. The departure of Father Benedict to other fields of labor is sincerely regretted by his many friends at St. Joseph's. Having been at the college since the first day of its opening in September, 1891, and having been prominently identified for a number of years with every organization or

society that had for its object the advancement of the interests of the students as well those of the College, Father Benedict has won for himself a place in the hearts of the students and the Alumni of this institution, that will not be effaced as years come and go. But as joy is always intermingled with sorrow, it was also no exception in this case. Whilst regretting deeply the removal of Father Benedict, we were greatly consoled when told that his successor would be our former President, the Rev. Augustine Seifert. Father Augustine was President of St. Joseph's the first eight years of its existence, and during that time by his unflinching devotion to duty and prudence in execution he guided the College on to progress and influence. THE COLLEGIAN on behalf of the student body welcomes him again into our midst.

AMONG the many improvements that have been made of late in the various departments of our government, none perhaps is of so great importance and usefulness as the establishment of rural free delivery in the post office department. Not long ago the feasibility of delivering mail in country districts was doubted by many, and accordingly only a few routes were established in the beginning as a sort of an experiment. The plan proved to be a very good one, and it was only a short time until the demand became general for the institution of rural free delivery throughout the country. And to extend this privilege to every state in the union is the boon which the post office department is now trying to secure for the people. It must be acknowledged that at first

rural free delivery throughout the United States will be a burden upon the government. For many years after its installment there will be an annual deficit in postal revenues of several million dollars. But it must be remembered that whenever the postal facilities are bettered, the revenues increase. So it is evident that it is only a matter of a short time until the revenue will be large enough to make up for any deficit that might have previously occurred. Even if this would not be possible, the fact should not be lost sight of that too much cannot be done to facilitate the work of the farmer, for we know that our prestige and prosperity as a nation depends upon the successful pursuit of agriculture. Besides, these rural mail routes will serve to bring the farmers of this country into closer relations with the business world, and here, too, it is obvious that it will be to the mutual benefit of both the city and country inhabitants of the nation. Let us hope that nothing will come in the way to prevent the complete establishment of rural free delivery throughout the entire United States, for we have seen that the many advantages accruing therefrom far outweigh the expenditures demanded by the step, and once provided and extended to every state in the union, it will be our surest pledge that the United States will remain the prince of nations.

EXCHANGES



We were about to retire one night and found ourselves famous. There is nothing like being famous, especially if fame can be attained without much effort. We were not required to set fire to the temple of Diana, or leap into the sulphur-vomiting mouth of Aetna; no, not even to write another Childe Harold. A single essay was sufficient to make the ex-man of the *Georgetown College Journal* start from his chair, to rouse him to such a degree that he attempted to roam. Our little bird, *The Collegian*, must be flying rather high, higher than we imagined, and the colors of its plumage must at least possess some attraction, if even the eagle of Georgetown in the sublime eddies of his flight was tempted to slacken his course and scrutinize the miniature creature a little closer. Many thanks for that awful glance of majesty! But yet, worthy friend, we are rather awkward in such high society, and we prefer staying below. Although we may have to scale some fences, we are at least on solid ground, breathing is easy, and food not wanting. The air is too thin up there, living on such meagre substance is a rather difficult matter; there is too much fiction and not enough reality.

So the ex-man made his "slow and difficult way through thirty-five college magazines teeming with essays" and he "didn't roam," but finally

"fell into a deep sleep". We are not surprised. If we would attempt to make our way through thirty-five college-journals teeming with stories, or only one half, nay, one fourth that number, we fear that, before coming to the end, our brain would be reeling, and crowds of ugly demons and spectres and vampires, and "hants", and every generation of monstrosities would be dancing and howling and screaming round about us, and we feel assured that we would never try to roam again. Thirty-five college magazines! Who would not fall asleep after reading such an exorbitant number of pages, especially if he commenced at a late hour? Not even the terrific stories of "Woodlawn" picturing the hauntings of Washington and his daughter, representing the father of our country with his long beard, the growth of a century, dangling on the ground,—no, not even such stories could keep us awake for such a length of time. Perhaps these two spirits sometimes hurl their heads at the poor people, frightening them in their abode of peace. But we don't believe these tales. Washington, who marched out to shed his blood for his people and their homes, would surely not now terrify them and frighten them from their dwellings. But we do believe that the brains of these ghost-seers and even of those who do not believe in the apparitions, but are only entertaining "pleasing fears" about their reality, are being strongly gnawed by the cancer of fiction, and that the immediate use of an antidote is the only means of avoiding the direct consequences in their sickness.

If the ex-man failed to find a fitting distribution of essays and stories in *The Collegian*, we did not. We do want more essays than stories, and the justice of this view is proven on the last page of the exchanges in the first issue of *The Collegian*. The exact amount could be determined by another article, if we intended to write one "on this business". The Ex-man does not like essays in college papers; we do not change our standard according to the liking of everybody. Perhaps he considers it a sufficiently powerful argument for his view that the exchange editor of the *Georgetown College Journal* says so. This is the opinion of an individual, of an individual who has "a pronounced inclination to vary his opinion" every year. We are certainly willing to learn, we are glad to learn from Georgetown, but we wish to be certain that its teachings are true. If the ex-man can not support his proposition by arguments, we pay no attention to it. Finally, if he can send us a definition of a "plot" according to which the story "A Fatal Joke" in the first number of *The Collegian* has no plot, and does not possess a plot superior to that in "Woodlawn", we wish that he would send it.

At eve's pleasant hour, when our spirits were waning 'neath a day's mental toil, we turned to the *Aloysian* for the purpose of refreshing them. We were not disappointed. Although there was some monotony in its never ending fiction, the time spent in the company of the journal proved a recreation indeed. It related two very interesting stories, "That was not All a Dream" and "In

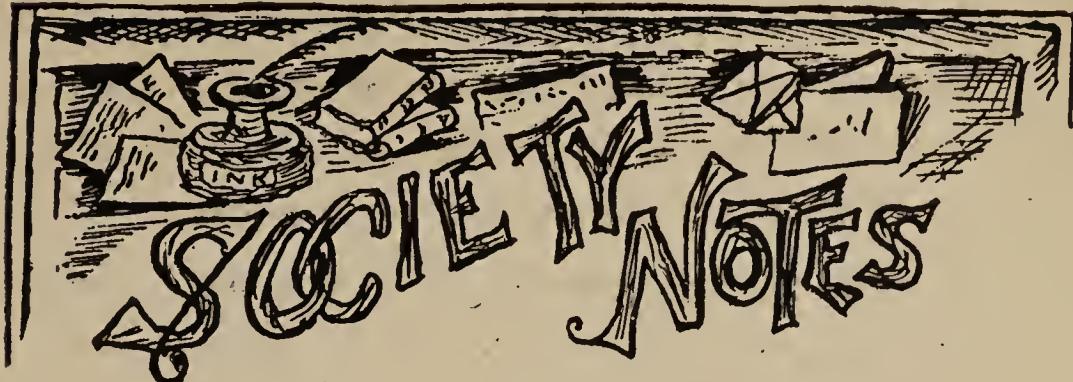
the Favor of a Contestant", the latter of which loses consistency of plot however by being made to extend over the entire life-time of its principal character. "One Boy's Education" we would rather call a character sketch than a story. The writer is fairly successful in her delineation. The contributors to the *Aloysian* seem to be special favorites of the Muses. Among its verse are scattered lines of genuine poetry.

"A Romantic Hallowe'en" and "John Dryden" are the only two papers in the *S. V. C. Student* that repay reading. The former is a story with a novel plot, and a heroine that thinks very natural for a woman in college fiction. The editorials are original work, treating questions of importance to students, and are quite up to date.

A flagging monotone pervades the pages of the *St. Vincent's Journal*, for it is a journal of long biographies and of the "to be continued" in general. Besides, the prose element domineers in the paper from cover to cover. In the November issue "John Pilpot Curran" and "The Story of a Scar" are otherwise interesting reading matter. An ex-column, too, would greatly enhance the value of this publication.

The *Sacred Heart Collegian* contains two well-written articles, "Thomas Babington Macaulay" and "Applied Phonography". The writer of the former essay, however, seems to have taken an over-liking to his author and to have been infected by the mistakes of the British historian. Macaulay certainly was a word painter rather than a writer of solid thought.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.



C. L. S. The following members of the C. L. S. participated in a private program, Sunday, Nov. 2:

Recitation, "Hohenlinden", Mr. A. Scheidler.

Debate, "Resolved, that Kindness is more powerful than the Rod" ... Mr. M. Ehleringer, Affm.; Mr. H. Muhler, Neg.

Recitation, "Leap for Life", Mr. E. Lonsway.

Declamation, "Eloquence of Action," Mr. R. Halpin.

Comical Recitation, "Oleomargerine,"

..... Mr. R. Schwietermann.

Columbian Paper, Mr. G. Arnold.

Farce, "A Crazy Set" Messrs. M. O'Connor,

V. Meagher, F. Wachendorfer, V. Sibold, T. Quinlan.

Prominent features of the program were good musical selections and absence of prompting. The Debate was well contested, and the Farce was a success with the audience.

The Society was entertained by the following of its members, Sunday, Nov. 16th:—

Piano Duet Messrs. J. Notheis and J. Lang.

Debate, "Resolved, that Country Life is preferable to City Life." Aff. B. Quell, and C. Frericks.

..... Neg. E. Pryor, and A. Schaefer.

Comical Recitation, "Schneider's Troubles"

..... Mr. M. Helmig.

Recitation, "Death of George Washington." Mr. E. Cook.

Piano Solo Mr. J. Notheis.

Song, "Little German Home across the Sea", ...

..... Mr. M. Helmig.

Dialogue, "The Traveler".....
.....Messrs. W. Scheidler and R. Rath.

Though the matter was not as solid as that of previous programs, yet most of the selections were well memorized and artfully rendered.

During the meeting of Nov. 9th, Pres. Wills thanked our esteemed ex-Rector in the name of the Columbian Literary Society for the noble efforts he had made on behalf of the interests of the Society, both as founder and Moderator and as Rector of the College. Father Benedict addressed the Columbians in a few well-chosen sentences, wishing them success and God's blessing in their literary undertakings. He also exhorted them to strive higher and higher to the goal of success, and promised, though away, to remain a living member of the Columbian Literary Society.

During the meeting of Nov. 23th, the usual quarterly elections were held and the following officers selected: Pres., Mr. E. Wills; Vice Pres., Mr. R. Monin; Sec. Mr. R. Goebel; Treas., Mr. H. Muhler; Critic, Mr. A. Schuette; Marshal, Mr. R. Halpin; Executive Com., Messrs. W. Flaherty, F. Didier, I. Wagner.

The Columbians have had the good fortune to secure the services of Hon. E. P. Honan, a prominent lawyer of Rensselaer, Ind., as their critic and teacher in Parliamentary Law. Mr. Honan has had wide experience in the regulation of deliberative bodies of men, and his presence at our meetings will beyond doubt prove to be a great boon to the progress of the society.

A. L. S. The Aloysians are endeavoring to make this year's work a standard for the future, and as a proof of their ability appeared in public for the first time, Sunday evening, Nov. 9. The following was the order of the program:—

Welcome Address.....	Mr. P. Thom.
Declamation.....	Mr. E. Howe.
Oration, "Acquisition of Knowledge," ..	Mr. E. Vurpillat.
Declamation.....	Mr. C. Boeke.
Recitation.....	Mr. D. Fitzgerald.
Humorous Recitation,.....	Mr. J. Castello.
Declamation, "The Drunkard's Death",....	Mr. J. Miller.
"Aloysian".....	Mr. J. Burke.

Though the selections were very good and well memorized, they might have been delivered with more energy and precision. Messrs. Vurpillat and Fitzgerald deserve special commendation for the effective manner in which they delivered their selections. The Aloysians have no reason to fear the public since the material is there, and with a little polish and assiduous application it may be wrought to a high standard of perfection. They deserve praise for the efforts they have taken thus far.

I. W., '04..

CARD OF THANKS.

The Staff of St. Joseph's College Battalion wish to express their thanks to Rev. T. M. Conroy, '96, for favoring the Military with a short, but pleasing address; also to the judges for their kind services; and last but not least, to the College Band for the enjoyable musical program that it rendered on Thanksgiving Day.



Thanksgiving Day has always been a great day for the Military at St. Joseph's, and this year especially. The drills were all that could be desired, but a better entertainment would have been given had the weather been more favorable. The day previous a heavy snow fell, and this made it necessary to have the drills in doors. However, Co. A. drilled on the campus in spite of the snow. It was impossible to drill thirty-two men in our hall at once, and on this account they were permitted to drill outside.

At 9:45 A. M. the spectators assembled in the hall. The first on the program was an exhibition by the St. Joseph's College Turn Verein with Turnward Helmig at their head. Their natty uniforms and flashy and attractive banner was a new feature on our program. They were well drilled and went through their movements with great precision and energy. In the afternoon they gave another exhibition in the south side grove, which was highly entertaining. This organization deserves much praise and encouragement, for their work tends greatly to produce strong and vigorous men. They organized June 29, 1902, and

elected the following officers: Vorstand, Rev. Father Benedict, Turnward, M. Helmig, Vorturners, A. Schiedler and W. Scheidler.

After their drill the military program proper began. It was one of intense interest, being a competitive drill. All the companies were quite confident of the first prize. The prizes offered by the Rev. Faculty were as follows: 1st prize, a day's outing at Remington, Ind.; 2nd prize, an oyster supper; 3rd prize, a pie luncheon.

Rev. Father Clement Schuette, C. PP. S., of the Faculty, Rev. Father Leopold Linder, C. PP. S., of Winamac, Ind., Mr. J. D. Vurpillat, of Winamac, Ind., Mr. Geo. Diefenbach, '99, of Chicago, and Mrs. Geo. Kent, of Terre Haute, Ind., were appointed as judges.

Co. C, twelve men strong, were the first to make their appearance. We may well be proud of the younger portion of our organization. Capt. Goebel had his men in the best of form and put them through a very difficult drill without a mistake. Considering their age they did better than the other two companies and showed more earnestness than is generally found in such youthful hearts. Capt. Goebel has the knack of infusing into the hearts of those under him some of that earnestness with which his own is imbued. They were amply rewarded for their labor, having won the second prize.

Co. B, sixteen men strong, under Serg.-Maj. Arnold, followed with a very entertaining drill. Their "white-cap" costume made a grand and

solemn appearance. Co. B deserves special praise for the great variety of their movements. They had movements which have never before been executed here and some very difficult ones, especially the figure 8. Their "guiding" was almost perfect. Their fancy movements greatly prevailed over the military maneuvers, and no doubt this is the reason of their defeat.

After Co. B's drill the spectators assembled at the windows of the auditorium and study hall to witness the drill of Co. A, on the north side campus. The judges and a few others being the only ones who repaired to the campus. The bright new uniforms and the glistening snow presented a dazzling appearance. Adj. Flaherty had his men well instructed. He deserves great praise as he had the largest number of men, and on this account more work to do. Co. A was determined to win the first prize and succeeded in the attempt. Their drill was not so entertaining as the other two companies, but with Co. C, had more of a military drill. They had the old movements which have been given again and again. However, these movements are always desirable as long as they are executed well. The principal movements were the Latin Cross from sixes, Greek Crosses by platoons, the Encounters, and lastly the letter A. They executed these movements with few or no mistakes, and like Co. B, their guiding was excellent.

After the drills were over, all repaired to the study hall where the Band rendered several beautiful pieces, while the judges were preparing their

ballots. When the result of the balloting was announced, cheer after cheer arose.

The program closed with a very enjoyable address by Rev. T. M. Conroy, '96. He was one of the organizers of the Military at St. Joseph's and spoke very highly of the improvements made in the last few years.

At "mess call" all assembled in their respective refectories where they relieved the groaning tables of their heavy burden. The Major.

PERSONALS.

The following have been visitors at the College during the month and on Thanksgiving Day:

Very Rev. Provincial B. Russ, C. PP. S., of Carthagena, Ohio. Very Rev. J. Guendling, Peru, Ind. Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind. Rev. M. Dentinger, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind. Rev. G. Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. F. Koch, '97, Hammond, Ind. Rev. L. Linder, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind. Rev. T. M. Conroy, '96, Anderson, Ind. Rev. C. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind. Rev. Geo. D. Heldman, Chicago, Ill.

Among the laity:

Mr. C. Sibold, '02, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Conrath, Hammond, Ind. Miss A. Costello, Anderson, Ind. Mr. Chas. Hoffman and sister, Winamac, Ind. Mr. J. Vurpillat, Winamac, Ind. Mr. G. Diefenbach, '99, and A. Junk, Chicago, Ill. Mr. John Hildebrand, Delphi, Ind. Mrs. A. Hauk and daughter, Delphi, Ind. Mr. M. Burke, and Mr. A. Schmoll, Peru, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. G. Kent, Terre Haute, Ind. Mr. M. Lang and son, Mishawaka, Ind. J. A. B., '04.

LOCALS.

Who woke Ben Quell up.

How do you do, "hayride"!

And Columbus was no more.—Cook.

Oh, dat turkey. The battle was fierce and the slaughter immense!

Paul Wiese puts cotton into his ears so that he can't hear himself snore.

Since the cold weather has set in "nests" are quite frequent occurrences.

P. Caesar paid a visit to his home in Chicago, the earlier part of November.

Mr. Flaherty is using the tonsorial utensils during the absence of Mr. Fisher

The acrobats know how to save time. They exercise at night and sleep during the day.

This was overheard while a certain person was rubbing his wrist, "I sprained my ankle."

Bernard's definition of a hurricane: "A hurricane is a cane used by a man who is in a hurry."

Our esteemed editor, Mr. E. A. Wills, ate his Thanksgiving turkey at his home in South Bend.

Puzzel: Jones soliloquizing: "If Bob Halpin is on the 2nd roll of honor, where will I be found?"

Whenever Student Victor takes medicine, he mixes it with a little mucilage to make it stick to his bones.

Herman Grube is very generous. If you ask him for an apple, he will divide it and *give* you the worm.

Flaherty after making a clever answer in Geometry class arose and exclaimed, "A rising mathematician."

Many of the boys have a grip. Fidelis took a grip out of the sick-waiter's room, but was obliged to return it.

Bro. Prefect, just before ringing the bell at 8:15 P.M., "Don't make too much noise, you will disturb the sleepers."

The other day Xavier stumbled over himself and lost one of his brightest ideas. Nobody has since been able to find it.

Ludger says that if he were a millionaire he would buy a whole lot of smoke houses and dictionaries to study Greek in.

There is something very pathetic about one of our band pieces. Whenever Knapke, alias Pan, plays it, he has to shed tears.

Ben is becoming quite patriotic lately. The other night he shouted in his sleep, "Give me liberty or a new pair of socks!"

After M. Bodine had roosted sometime in a barn at Remington, he very indignantly exclaimed, "The dust of this hay makes me dizzy."

Richard says that he finds more beauty and sublimity in one chapter of Huckleberry Finn than in the whole of Macbeth. We agree with him.

A kick:

The local editors Mac and Frenchy say
That grinding out locals does'nt pay;
They have to dig and scratch, to swear and sweat
To please and humor a boyish set.

What is the best imitation of a load of brick being dumped on your front porch. Ans: "Ignatius coming down stairs too late for chapel prayers."

The C. L. S. wish to express their gratitude to Rev. Father Zumbuelte, of Hanover Centre, Ind., for his donation to their reading room museum.

Bryan to Monahan: "Say Monahan, if a grass-widow marries a grasswidower what will their children be called?" Monahan: "(who knows it all.) Grasshoppers, I guess!"

O'Connor and Flaherty congratulating each other after the rendition of the play, "The Dead Witness." Flaherty: "I did swell, how did you come out?" O'Connor: "I played fine!"

St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22, was celebrated with due solemnity at the College. The Cecilian choir under the able directorship of Rev. Justin did honor to their patroness by rendering nothing but purely Cecilian music.

That clock in the C. L. S. reading room is again causing trouble. The librarian has finally succeeded in setting it aright. When the clock strikes three, then the hour hand points to half-past twelve, and he knows that it is fifteen minutes of six.

Some of our plays. "Julius Caesar" lived long before "St. Sebastian" who was a "Dead Witness" of the "Druid's Ambition" long before "Pizarro" was "More Sinned against than Sinning" or met his "Malediction" like a "Confederate Spy".

It is said that Columbus proved that the earth was round by balancing a broken egg upon the table. The people in Collegeville lived in the darkness concerning this till lately the enthusiastic Juniors set about and cleared all doubts by an ingenious pendulum experiment.

Last week Camillus had one of his teeth extracted, his wisdom tooth or some other such one, he did not know which. He returned with the offending molar in his pocket, and as indignant as could be. "I wanted to give that confounded dentist my tooth, when he made me pay a quarter to keep it."

The members of the bowling club are all anxious to break the record and get a box of cigars. Those that do break the record, either cannot smoke or do not belong to the smoking-club. P. Peiffer has the record now with 203 points; F. Didier holds second with a close margin of 201 points. With better marksmanship and more horse luck the 'rep' team might be able to win, so says J. Smith.

On the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the C. PP. S., solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Mark Hamburger, assisted by Rev. Nicholas Welsch as deacon, Rev. Lucas Rath as subdeacon, and Rev. Chrysostom Hummer as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Geo. D. Heldman, Rector of St. Paul's, Chicago, Ill. The inmates of St. Joseph's always expect an oratorical treat whenever Father Heldman addresses them, and it is needless to say that they were not disappointed on this occasion.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, P. Welsh, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor; M. Bodine, C. Fischer, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, E. Grimme, J. Schmitt, E. Freiburger, P. Thomi, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gnibba, D. Fitzgerald, R. Beck, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, M. Lang, G. Meier, W. Rieman, M. Schumacher, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Notheis, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, C. Myers, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, A. Birkmeier, J. Ramp, J. Sullivan, T. Connell, E. Barnard, C. Sankot, C. Conlon.

90-95 PER CENT.

A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, H. Muhler, G. Arnold, E. Cook, V. Sibold, J. Steinbrunner, L. Monahan, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, T. Quinlan, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Miller, P. Peiffer, J. Jones, J. Lang, P. Carlos, J. Grobmyer, J. Burke, F. Schmitz, J. Hunt, P. Caesar, P. Miller.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, R. Monin, A. Schuette, X. Jaeger, E. Flaig, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Ehleringer, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. Bodine, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, F. Wachendorfer, C. Daniel, F. Gnibba, D. Fitzgerald, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linneman, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, W. Hoffman, E. Howe, P. Peiffer, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, L. Burrows, W. Meiering, J. Notheis, J. Grobmyer, C. Sankot, A. Scherrieb, W. Lieser, D. Rada, J. Lieser, M. O'Connor.

84-90 PER CENT.

B. Holler, L. Huber, W. Flaherty, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Didier, J. Dabbelt, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, A. Scheidler, M. Shea, J. Quinlan, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, E. Hauk, A. Delaney, J. Costello, J. Miller, J. McCarthy, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, C. Boeke, M. Lang, G. Meier, W. Rieman, U. Reitz, F. Coyne, M. Schumacher, H. Dahlinghaus, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, J. Jones, J. Lang, P. Carlos, C. Myers, A. Birkmeier, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Sullivan, L. Bergman, P. Miller, L. Gleason.